

CREATIVE WRITING COMPETITION FOR ALBERTA SCHOOLS

1. Poetry:

Title	Entrant's Name	B	G	Age	Grade	Address
The Wind, Autumn, March	Connie Rees	11		16	9	Bragg Creek
Winter Weather, Glistening Cross -	Pat Stearne	2		13	7	" "
Spring, March, Nov., Feb., Dec. -	Gene Fullerton	1		14	9	" "
The Birth of Jesus, Feb.	Jim Fullerton	2		15	9	" "
Nov., New Year, March	" "					" "
Spring	John Mitchell	3		12	7	" "
Home, March	Kenneth Sturgeon	4		13	8	" "
In the Shipyards	June Davidson		5	16	9	Whitelaw,
Mud	Cecelia Przybylski		4	18	10	"
The Rear Gunner's Good-Bye	Margaret Vastrude		5	17	10	"
War Welder	Shirley Davidson		8	15	9	"
Lessons	Mary Burns		7	13	8	"
My Pony	Beatrice Ross		8	15	9	"
Missouri Mike	Christina Meashaw		9	16	10	"
The Northern Nurse	Irene Ludescher		10	14	9	"
The Indian	Leo Martin Sheehan	5	11	17	11	"
When Its Springtime in Peace River	Martin Kobasa	6		18	11	"
The Witch	Arthur Smith		7	15	9	"
Child of the Storm	Nora Radke		11	16	11	Ray Lakes
Suppose	Pauline Lema		12	13	7	R.R.1, St. Albert
A Leader	Agnes Smith		13	16	11	Nanton
Spring Reverie	William Yule		8	16	11	Nanton
Spring, Alberta	Doris Anderson		14	12	7	1004 8th St. N., Leth.
To Those Who Fell	Shirley Morris		15	13	8	538 12 St. N.N., "
Bob Grunewald--The Story of a Tree		9		13	8	239 12 St. B.N., "
The Pine Tree	Donald Jackson		10	13	8	1512 4 Ave. N., "
(All these are from Westminster School)						
Road of Life	Margaret Verbitsky		16	17	10	Warspite
School	Cecilia Hellum		17	14	9	"
Alberta, Land of the Free	Geanie MacDonald		18	14	9	"
Spring Is Here	Mary Tomkew		19	13	9	"
Twilight, Free at Last, Will We?	Anne Bartholow		20			Sundre
Spring	John Carson		11	12	7	Warspite
What Do We Want, A Friend	Winifred G. Thorogood		21	16	11	Strathcona High
Flowers	Edna Coulson		22	12	7	Waskatenau
Proof of Spring	Kenneth Parker		12	12	7	"
Missing You	Lily Dremeski		23	14	8	Warspite
God Knows, Palm	Sylvianne Hebert		24	13	8	R.R.1, St. Albert
Egypt	Joan Grue		25	15	7	Rolling Hills
Spring, The Seasons, Evening	Walter Skiba		13			Prosperity
The Magic of Spring	Bernice Lyken		26	15	8	Westrose (Pigeon Valley West)
Announcing Spring	Warren Pentland		14	13	9	Fairview
Spring in Alberta	Peter Onyschuk		15	15	9	Warspite
Spring in Alberta	Isobel Olynky			27	9	"
Alberta	Adine Jakubiak			28	14	9
Who Comes with Spring	Clarence Boese		16	14	8	Swalwell (Linden)
Next Year	Joan Jackson			29	17	12
						230 8th Ave. N.W.
						Calgary, (Central H.S.)

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CREATIVE WRITING COMPETITION FOR ALBERTA SCHOOLS

1. Poetry (cont.):

Title	Entrant's Name	B	G	Age	Grade	Address
The Clouds, Sad but True, On the Trail	Phyllis Davidson		30	18	12	Box 15, Sundre
The Meadow Lark, Alberta Canada, Sad Winds, Have You Lived Life to the Full?	Kenneth Buchanan	17		17	9	Islay (Kenilworth)
	Frances Ross		31	19	12	Sundre High School
	Natalie Schueter		32	16	9	St. Albert
	Della Schueler		33	14	8	St. Albert
Alberta	Harry Kiyooka	18			11	
In Time of the San Fran- cisco Conference	Dorothy Patterson		34	17	12	Grand Prairie H.S.
What Price Victory?	Roy R. Kenchtel	19		17	12	(St. Joseph's) Box 202, Grande Prairie
Beautiful Alberta	Eitel Snippe				9	Peace River
Settlers of Alberta A Boy's Memory of their Pioneers	Evelyn Brighton		15	9	"	"
Home Garden of the North	Edna Crawford		33	16	11	Box 283, Peace River
Pioneers	Edna Cox		39	14	12	North Star
Something!	Angela Currie		40		9	Peace River High
On the Trail	Angela Bourassa		41	15	9	" " "
The Coming to the Peace River Country	Dorothy Iverson		42		9	" " "
	Anna Perkins		43		9	" " "
						Judah, Alberta

③ The Garden of the North Jeanie Atkins

NEXT YEAR

page 1

50 John Jackson
age 17, grade 12
Calgary Central High
(1)

The evening sun is setting, and from far
Across the dappled waters comes the cry
Of lone gray gulls that seek their hidden nests,
Driven by storm-signs from a distant sky.

Echoing through the still of sunset comes
From distant flats, the laughter of the loon,
Beneath the arching skies the rippling wheat
Gleams golden, promising to ripen soon.

Vast as an inland sea, it sways and bends,
Moving, yet never moved, stirring, yet still,
A silent god, demanding ruthlessly
Its homage from all folk who sow and till.

Before it, sickness bows to nothingness,
Unbounded hopes rest on its graceful head,
Death is a phantom, meaning one is less,
Who should have helped to reap the daily bread.

A woman, shoulders stooped with ceaseless toil,
Stands by her door, her evening chores complete,
And looks across the fields with weary eyes
That see strange visions in the ripening wheat.

Today it seems a sea of molten gold,
And, mirrored in it, pass in slow array
The whispered hopes that touch her very soul
With trembling fingers as day follows day.

New paper for the walls---the winter's food
To fill her childrens' hungry mouths, the coat
She hopes will keep her flesh from shivering,
And, even more important, may the note

Be paid in full, this weather-beaten shack
Become their own, free of all unpaid debt;
Perhaps the rusted stove can be replaced,--
And then her other hopes, so feeble yet

She has not dared to breathe them, lest they twist
And vanish like pale smoke atop the hills----
The whispering wheat bows softly to her prayers---
"So sweet to burn the pile of charge-marked bills."

Her eyes move from the wheat, towards the east---
Her lips fall open, shape a stifled cry----
Is that a bank of hail---clouds rising fast,
Gaunt battle squadrons marshalled in the sky?

Oh God! let it be rain. It cannot be
That after all her hoping, all her prayer---
But steadily the clouds rise, and the threat
Of hail hangs heavy in the evening air.

A jagged fork of lightning rips the mass,
Higher and higher, nearer yet, until
With every choking breath she draws, she hears
The thunder crashing loud from hill to hill.

" Martha! " her husband shouts. " Bring in the clothes.
It's going to rain. Don't keep on standing there."
Dumbly she heeds and moves as in a dream,
A mute automaton, to do her share.

She watches, stricken silent in a trance,
And sees her dreams sink crumbling one by one,
As transient shadows shift and fade and pass
Before the cloud that blots the sinking sun.

She carries in the clothes, limp from the heat,
The patches make strange patterns to her eyes,
She stuffs up windows, turns with patient words
To still and soothe her childrens' frightened cries.

Hushed are the hills. The storm girds up its loins;
Then with a sudden roar, a mighty sound,
It leaps with all its fury on the earth,
White hail and threshing wheat smash to the ground.

This deafening roar is knitted with despair,
Linked close with horror, coupled up with fear,
Time becomes meaningless and slinks away,
She knows not if it's been a day, a year,

All she can think, is that the golden field,
To prayers, her answer, to her dreams, the gate,
The bridge of hoping, lies a mangled wreck,
Crushed in the clutches of a cruel Fate.

Mashed to a pulpy mass that in the light
Of staring morning neither moves nor stirs,
Gone is the waving pride, the rippling hope—
Through jagged window-panes a soft wind purrs.

The woman gazes o'er the ruined scene,
 Her eyes are dull, and glazed with hopeless pain;
 "Never mind, Martha, this just had to be---
 And next year we can plant the seed again."

Next Year! the memories of the distant past
 Drift in monotony before the mind;
 Last year the saw-fly left so little crop
 There was no need to reap, and nought to bind.

And years before--so many different things--
 A drop in prices, once a locust host--
 That was the year they dug a narrow grave
 And laid within it one they cared for most,

Because there was no money for the care
 She should have had; there was no surgeon's knife
 Without the silver. But grief did no good----
 It did not bring the resting back to life.

Smut and late frosts have taken each their toll,
 A labor shortage when their was a yield
 That would have cleared the mortgage; as it was
 The golden stooks fell rotting in the fields.

Drought struck, relentless clutch, that turned the grain
 To shrivelled kernels in the stunted ear,
 And now the hail! But always never failed
 The words she hated so, "Wait till Next Year."

Next Year! That would not give them food to eat,
 Now pay the bills, nor buy the seed, nor turn
 The icy grasp of winter from her young----
 Unshed, the tears behind her lashes burn.

When had her weeping ever moved the Fates?
 The price for her would always be too dear---
 Dully she bowed her head and turned away,
 Muttering blindly, "Yes, ^{perhaps,} next year!"

"yes, perhaps, next year!"

✓ Irene J. Indescher
Age 14, Grade 9
Whitelaw

Sub

(1)

The Northern Nurse.

(1) 40

She was just a nurse of the Northland -
Remember that time of the flu?

When we were all down up there in the bush
and didn't know what to do?

(2)

And then the government sent us a
nurse -

a small little thing but neat.

You mind how she bulked those
lumberjacks?

But her voice was low and sweet.

(3)

She stayed in the bushland then for a
while -

Remember her little log shack?

And the big half breed with the
sore on his chin,

And Mike with a broken back?

(4)

The Indians thought she was loco, sure,
But she always carried her point.

And she left it a whole lot healthier
place;

You wouldn't have known the joint.

(5)

What because of her? Man, don't you
know?

She's here in Holland too,

Right out there with the mobile camp,
And boy, she finds plenty to do.

(6)

(Northern Nurse)

(Pg 2.)

And she knows how to handle those
Tommys too;
She's made of the right kind of stuff.
She patches them up and they eat from
her hand,
No matter how wretched or tough.

(7)

But she will go back to the north some
day,
and buddy, for better or worse,
If some other soldier don't beat my time,
I'll marry that northland nurse.

2

Jessie Atkins
15, Grade 4
Peace River, Otto.
The Garden of the North.

North and East respectively the Peace and
Smoky flow,
To join in one great river, brave men gave
their lives to know.
On its bank 'neath towering hills a thousand
feet or more
The little town of Peace River lies snuggled
on the shore.
On this long and narrow river flat "The
Garden of the North"
The Harmon River and Wesley Creek trace
backward to their source.
Southeast the scarp of Judah Hill to
the heavens raise its head
And on its side a railroad train rolls on
its iron bed.
Between the Harmon River and fading
Wesley Creek
The mound shaped hill of Howard uplifts
its lofty peak.
High on its crest a Tombstone hat
white with winds and rain
Marks the grave of Twelve Foot Davis
to whom it once gave fame.
North of the town the Kaufman hill
raises its wooded head
And at its foot the Wesley Creek ~~goes~~
rolls in its rocky bed.
To the southwest stands Misery Mountain
on whose beauty rests its name
And sulks on "sister" Judah who opposed
to her fame.

The Garden of the North

Then south of our town the Smoky Lakes,
 a rugged ^{mountain} wedge of ~~ice~~,
 separates the Peace and Smoky with
 picturesque lowland sedge.

Then cold the winds of winter blow with
 all their might,
 And cover nature's color with a blanket
 of snowy white.
 The mighty river freezes and all the
 little streams
 Become an icy road bed for dog sleds
 and for teams.

After five long months of winter the
 milder south winds blow
 And plays its elfin music to melt
 away the snow.
 From little hills and ridges ~~the~~ water
 trickles down,
 And farmers in their wagons go rolling
 into town.
 The still majestic river in loveliness flows
 forth,
 And again the Peace River Valley is
 "The Garden of the North."

Boys ① Boys ②

Donald Jackson
Age 13,
Grade 8

The Pine Tree

Westminster
School
Lethbridge

Along the light
The moon has laid
Heavy with songs
The wind has strayed.
Into the wood
The wind has blown
To Find a pine-
Grove thickly grown.

Only the white
Pines ever know
The way the wind's
Moon-lyrics go.
Only the wind
Strums harps of green
With joys that are
Or might have been.

Boy (12) (17)

Martin Koboso
Age 18, Grade 11
Whitelaw.

When its spring time on Peace River.
When its spring time on Peace River,
And my timber job is through,
Little sweetheart there at Whitelaw,
I'll tell you what I will do.

We'll homestead by the river,
And get our garden & in
And settle down together,
And our trouble will begin.

We'll buy a team of horses,
Some chickens and a cow.
And when we've caught some weasels,
We'll buy ourselves a plow.

We'll plant ourselves a little field,
Some cabbages and peas.
Then just before its harvest time,
The whole darn thing will freeze.

Every spring time on Peace River,
We will sow a field of grain.
And every time it freezes out,
We'll nearly go insane.

But every time spring comes around,
Strong hope will fill the soul.
And will keep right on planting,
and going in the hole.

Till sometime we will hit it right,
And show our crop will boom.
Then even if we're fifty, sweets,
We'll take our honey moon.

(31)

(3) Boys

Boys Kennethel
age 17, grade 12

St. Josephs High School
Grande Prairie

Boy

WHAT PRICE VICTORY?

The foes of freedom, Nipponese and Hun
Are reeling, overwhelmed;
Before us, as the autumn leaves,
They fall defeated, everyone.
For now our glorious banner flies
Resplendent over ancient Rhine,
While dear Old Glory waves unfurled
Upon Tarawa, Wake and Guam,
As Japanese retreat as swine
From Iwo Jima and Luzon.

These spoils of victory were bought
By gallant lads in khaki-clad,
Foresaking life and worldly gain
Unflinchingly to meet their God.
There resting now with bloody stain
In dreary fields of foreign sod.
They died for us that we might live,
Let not their efforts be a loss,
Immortalize as saviours too,
For each has borne a bloody cross.

Now on the threshold of success,
With Fascist foes forced to their knees,
Our vampires thirst quenched in redress,
Revenged by tasting tyrants blood.
If we, vainglorious, each forget
The One who made our glory great,
Eternally damned is our hope,
Of lasting peace in our estate.
For lacking God, our sinful state
Cannot against the world prevail;
Shall we ignore His guiding Hand
And turning tyrants, also fail?

Oh God! convey us through the darkening gloom,
Continue in Your guiding role,
What is our gain to win the world,
If winning this we lose our soul?